

Production No. EABF10

**The Simpsons**

"C.E. D'OH."

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FINAL 1

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**"C.E. D'OH"**

## Cast List

HOMER ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE ..... JULIE KAVNER  
BART ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA ..... YEARDLEY SMITH  
ITCHY ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
MOUSE AMBULANCE DRIVER . DAN CASTELLANETA  
SCRATCHY ..... HARRY SHEARER  
DEEP VOICE (O.S.) ..... HANK AZARIA  
BIG BOPPER ..... HANK AZARIA  
CHIEF WIGGUM ..... HANK AZARIA  
MAYOR QUIMBY ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
PROF. FRINK ..... HANK AZARIA  
JAILBIRD ..... HANK AZARIA  
CLETUS ..... HANK AZARIA  
APU ..... HANK AZARIA  
DR. HIBBERT ..... HARRY SHEARER  
STARK RICHDALE ..... HANK AZARIA  
CLASS ..... DAN/HARRY/HANK  
BARNEY ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
COMIC BOOK GUY ..... HANK AZARIA  
OTTO ..... HARRY SHEARER  
MOLEMAN ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
LENNY ..... HARRY SHEARER

CARL ..... HANK AZARIA  
MR. BURNS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
MOE ..... HANK AZARIA  
SMITHERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
CAPITOL DOME ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
TOURIST ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
EIFFEL TOWER ..... HANK AZARIA  
NED FLANDERS ..... HARRY SHEARER  
WORKERS ..... DAN/HARRY/HANK/TRESS  
SECURITY GUARD ..... HANK AZARIA  
VENDOR ..... HANK AZARIA  
ACCOUNTANT ..... TRESS MACNEILLE  
NUCLEAR INSPECTOR ..... HARRY SHEARER  
MILHOUSE ..... PAMELA HAYDEN  
NELSON ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
CREDITOR ..... HANK AZARIA

C.E. D'OH

by

Dana Gould

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**SCENE 1**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - NIGHT**

BART and LISA watch TV.

**ON TV**

**MUSIC: "ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK" BY BILL HALEY & THE COMETS**

A title card reads "ITCHY AND SCRATCHY IN 'BLEEDER OF THE PACK'". Outside a 50's diner, motorcycle cop SCRATCHY gives an order to a WAITRESS. Greaser ITCHY sneaks up and connects a chain between Scratchy's tail and a lamppost. A beat later, Itchy **ROARS** around the corner in a Tin Lizzy.

ITCHY

Nuts to you, Copper!

Enraged, Scratchy **BIKES** after Itchy. The chain plays out, then jerks, **RIPPING OFF** Scratchy's fur and skin. Scratchy rolls down the blacktop, **LANDING** in an **AGONIZED SCREAMING** heap. An ambulance **ZOOMS UP** and drives him to an airfield, where they lead him onto a small 50's propeller plane.

MOUSE AMBULANCE DRIVER

They'll fly you straight to the  
hospital.

SCRATCHY

(RELIEVED SIGH)

He steps into the plane, which starts to taxi away.

**INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS**

Scratchy relaxes in his seat.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

(À LA "CHANTILLY LACE") Hellooooo

Scratchy!

Scratchy looks and sees...

SCRATCHY

The Big Bopper... Ritchie Valens...

Buddy Holly! Nooo!

(Valens and Holly hold guitars.) All three bare their fangs at Scratchy.

**EXT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS**

The plane takes off and **FLIES** wobbly into a snowstorm.

SCRATCHY (O.S.)

(TERRIFIED SCREAM)

We hear an **EXPLOSION** as the plane crashes.

BIG BOPPER

Goodbye, baaaby! Oh you know what I like.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bart and Lisa **LAUGH**. Homer enters carrying snacks.

HOMER

So kids, its Valentine's Day, and you know what that means -- you get to stay downstairs watching TV with the sound turned way up.

LISA

What about you and Mom?

Homer's eyes dart around nervously.

HOMER

Oh, we'll be upstairs, in the bedroom  
making... our... Oscar picks.

BART

(HAPPY) Oh, okay.

HOMER

(UNDER BREATH, FONDLY) Children, so  
naïve.

BART

What?

LISA

Who's naïve?

HOMER

I didn't say anything. (UNDER BREATH)

So naïve.

Homer goes upstairs.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - LATER**

Marge is soaking in a bubble bath. There is a heart-shaped box of chocolates next to the tub. Homer slinks in sexily in a crimson smoking jacket/bathrobe. He pours her champagne, which she sips. (The bathroom is romantically decorated.)

MARGE

(PLEASED MURMUR) This is so romantic.

HOMER

Oh my darling, nothing is too romantic  
for you. Have some more liquor.

He pours some more champagne into her glass.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SNEAKY CHUCKLE) That's it, drink up  
my pretty.

**INT. SIMPSON MASTER BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER** **SCENE 2**

Homer sprinkles a trail of rose petals from the bathroom to the bed.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Thanks for the love tip,  
"60 Minutes II."

He picks up an exterminator-style sprayer of "MUSK" and **PUMPS** several large squirts into the air, then steps into the mist à la a woman putting on perfume.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SNIFFING, INTRIGUED) Mm, funky!

Homer plops himself down on the bed in a sexy pose. A moment later, a sleepy Marge enters, **YAWNING**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SEDUCTIVE) Hey there, Little Red  
Riding Hood. What do you have in your  
basket?

MARGE

(TRYING TO STAY AWAKE) Oh, Homie. I'm  
sorry...

HOMER

Marge, I'm working a theme here.

Marge sits on the bed next to him.

MARGE

(GROGGY) Look, you know I usually  
bring my A-game to the bedroom... but  
tonight I just can't throw the heat.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) But it's St.  
Valentine's Day! God wants us to do  
it.

Marge **KISSES** him on the cheek.

MARGE

Oh, you're so cute when you're begging  
for sex, but I'm just too tired. With  
the bath and the champagne, and giving  
blood this afternoon... (YAWN)

HOMER

Well, my special mix tape will get you  
going.

He pops a tape into the cassette player near the bed.

**MUSIC: BRAHMS' LULLABY**

Marge starts to **SNORE**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PANICKED) Oh, no! That's Maggie's  
mix tape! Then Maggie must have  
gotten...

**INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

A baby tape player in Maggie's crib is **PLAYING** Tom Jones'  
"Sex Bomb." Maggie go-go dances in the crib.



**INT. MARGE AND HOMER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marge sleeps as Homer lies awake, staring up in the darkness.

**OVERHEAD SHOT**

Homer lies there, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling, with Marge sleeping next to him. The bedside clock **TICKS** audibly. Finally, he throws back the sheets, climbs out of bed and we

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD - LATE NIGHT**

Homer walks the empty streets in the moonlight.

HOMER

Shot down on Valentine's Day. That's supposed to be a gimme. Everybody's getting some but me.

Off screen we hear:

MAYOR QUIMBY (O.S.)

Ah, yes! I'm done.

PROF. FRINK (O.S.)

Oh glayvin! Oh nice lady android with the true to life floivic.

Homer sadly trudges on and sees a series of romantic images.

- A) Two cats are atop a fence. (One of them is Snowball II.) As they nuzzle, their tails rise above them and form a heart.
- B) Two clouds float by in the shape of a man and a woman entwined.
- C) A plane flies through the air, followed by a smaller plane. A mid-air refueling pump extends from the larger plane, connecting them.

D) Through a prison window, two PRISONERS are cuddling sweetly.

HOMER

(SAD SIGH) Everyone but me.

**INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the prison we see what Homer saw is actually JAILBIRD strangling his CELLMATE.

JAILBIRD

(BITTERLY) Thanks for waking me for  
the Bookmobile, Terrence!

**EXT. STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD - NIGHT**

Homer is walking sadly down the street. In the distance, he sees a neon sign that reads "GET SEXY!"

HOMER

(INTRIGUED NOISE)

Homer runs up to the sign, under which is another sign that reads "AT SPRINGFIELD UNIVERSITY".

HOMER (CONT'D)

(DISAPPOINTED NOISE)

He looks farther down to another sign which reads "EXTENSION SCHOOL".

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTRIGUED NOISE)

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD UNIVERSITY - THE NEXT EVENING**

A sign reads "EXTENSION SCHOOL". A sign below it reads "ORIENTATION 7:30. GRADUATION 9:30".

**INT. SPRINGFIELD UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY - EVENING SCENE 3**

Homer walks down the hallway, looking at the names of classes written on the signs of closed doors: "RELEASING YOUR INNER SCREENPLAY" and "CREATE AN ONLINE KENNEL". Finally, he gets to a door labeled "STRIP FOR YOUR WIFE".

HOMER

"Releasing your inner screenplay,"  
"Create an online kennel," ooh, "Strip  
for your wife!"

**INT. STRIPPING CLASS - CONTINUOUS**

On the blackboard is written "STRIP FOR YOUR WIFE." Homer sits at a desk. He is talking to CLETUS.

CLETUS

Well I's here to win back Brandine --  
she been makin' eyes at that  
photographer what come to document our  
squalor.

APU

I too must spice up my marriage.  
Manjula has grown tired of the basic  
sixty-five positions.

HOMER

(BLUFF, CHUCKLE) Yeah, I hear that.

DR. HIBBERT enters the classroom.

DR. HIBBERT

Welcome to "How to Strip for Your  
Wife".

HOMER

(SHOCKED) Dr. Hibbert?

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Oh yes. I put myself  
through medical school dancing under  
the name "Malcolm Sex."

Dr. Hibbert points to a picture of himself as a young man with horn-rimmed glasses, a skinny black tie, short hair and briefs, sternly hectoring the strip club audience (à la the cover of "The Autobiography of Malcolm X").

DR. HIBBERT

I pleased the ladies by any means  
necessary. Now, let's start with a  
full review of the theory of stripping.  
Paleosexologists tell us that-- What  
the Hell are you doing?

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

We see him from the waist up, naked and glistening with oil. He undulates his belly.

DR. HIBBERT (O.S.)

Homer, are you oiled?

HOMER

(PROUDLY) Three coats.

**ANGLE ON HIBBERT**

Hibbert angrily picks up the empty gallon bottle labeled "OIL OF OH, YEAH!"

DR. HIBBERT

That oil was for the entire class!

He hands Homer a quarter.

DR. HIBBERT (CONT'D)

Homer, take this quarter, call your  
mother and tell her you're never going  
to be a stripper.

Homer leaves the room sadly.

HOMER

Aren't you gonna chuckle?

DR. HIBBERT

(GRIMLY) There's nothing to chuckle  
about.

**INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER**

Oily Homer, wearing only his underpants, carrying his  
clothes, walks morosely down the hallway.

HOMER

(SAD MOAN) Nobody loves oily Homer...

He kicks the ground angrily, but his foot goes out from  
under him and he **FALLS** to the floor. His oily body slides  
through the open door of a classroom.

**INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A slick, no-nonsense man, STARK RICHDALÉ, is teaching a  
group of Springfielders. On the blackboard is written  
"SUCCESSMANSHIP 101".

STARK RICHDALÉ

You there, the greasy, naked bald man!

HOMER

(GASPS) You know everything about me!

STARK RICHDALÉ

What would you say if I offered you the  
secret of true success?

HOMER

Wipe me down and sign me up!

Stark Richdale takes a towel and starts wiping down Homer.

**INT. CLASSROOM - LATER**

**SCENE 4**

Homer now sits at a desk. (He is dressed.)

STARK RICHDALÉ

Now life is hard. Am I right?

CLASS

(MURMURS OF AGREEMENT)

STARK RICHDALÉ

Wrong! Life is easy -- you suck! You have to take life, you have to grab it by its little bunny ears and get in its face! (LOOKING AROUND CLASS) God, look at you losers! I can read your minds.

He points to BARNEY.

STARK RICHDALÉ (CONT'D)

Ooh, ooh -- I'm afraid of success.

BARNEY

(QUICK STARTLED BELCH)

He points to COMIC BOOK GUY.

STARK RICHDALÉ

It's pizza's fault I'm fat.

COMIC BOOK GUY

(QUICK EXASPERATED SOUND)

He points to OTTO.

STARK RICHDALÉ

Long hair means I don't have to try.

OTTO

Ooh, harsh!

He points to MOLEMAN.

STARK RICHDALÉ

Oh, I'll stop sucking -- later.

C'mere, give me your hand. It's okay.

He **HOISTS** Moleman over his head and throws him out the window.

MOLEMAN (O.S.)

(DOPPLER) Thank you, teacher.

Stark shoves his gold Rolex in Homer's face.

STARK RICHDALÉ

(CHUCKLES) You see this watch? It's jammed with so many jewels, the hands can't move. What kind of watch do you have?

Homer looks at his wrist, where a watch has been crudely drawn on in magic marker.

HOMER

Uh, well, I drew it on... but it does have the phases of the moon.

STARK RICHDALÉ

You see that car out there?

He gestures to a luxury car out the window.

STARK RICHDALÉ (CONT'D)

That's a Bentley Mark 12. They gave  
one to me, one to Steven Spielberg, and  
then they shot the guy who made it.

CLASS

(IMPRESSED MURMURS)

HOMER

(SADLY) I have that car from the news  
that tips over a lot.

STARK RICHDALÉ

Friends, there's a force that runs  
through the universe. It built the  
pyramids, wrote Shakespeare and is  
whitening my teeth as I speak. We used  
to call that force "God." We now call  
it "Megatronics: The Forty-eight Tips  
To Corporate Success."

Stark quickly hands out "Megatronics" books to the class.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Oooh, published by  
Kinko's!

STARK RICHDALÉ

Do you want to be the ultimate you?

HOMER

Yes!



STARK RICHDALÉ

Do you want to yodel at the top of the  
corporate mountain?

HOMER

(STANDING) Yes!

STARK RICHDALÉ

Will you write me a check made out to  
"cash?"

HOMER

God yes!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - STREET - LATER**

Homer is driving and reading "Megatronics" as he drives.

HOMER

Tip one, "Live each day like it was  
your last."

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - A LITTLE LATER**

Homer sits on a curb, **SOBBING**. The car is pulled off the  
road and parked at an angle, with the door open. (As if  
Homer had pulled over quickly and gotten out.)

HOMER

I don't wanna die! I'm so young.

(SOBS)

Homer looks into the "Megatronics" book.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(READING, CALMLY) Tip two, "Let  
nothing stand in your way."

Homer looks inspired.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATER**

Homer **BURSTS** in, brandishing the "Megatronics" book.

HOMER

Listen up, "life obstacles." From now  
on, nothing's going to stand in Homer  
Simpson's way!

He turns to Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Do your homework!

He turns to Lisa.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Don't do so much homework!

He turns to Maggie.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Learn to talk!

He turns to Marge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

You, let's love. Now!

Marge shrugs and stands.

MARGE

Sounds good to me.

Homer **SCOOPS** her into his arms and they run upstairs. They  
get halfway up and then he sets her down, **WINDED**.

HOMER

Go on ahead. I'll just slow you down.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**SCENE 5**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Marge is asleep in bed. She hears a **DRILLING NOISE** and wakes up.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Marge walks downstairs to see Homer **DRILLING** something.

MARGE

What's that ruckus?

HOMER

It's the sound of a go-getter at work,  
Marge. Look, I installed a key hook so  
you'll always know where your keys are.

He reveals a key hook next to the front door.

MARGE

Oh, that's so sweet. I was tired of  
putting my keys in that bowl, like a  
cave man.

She hangs her keys on the hook.

HOMER

I finally harnessed the awesome power  
of the hook. Well, time for work.

Homer heads to the front door. As he leaves, he passes a  
hook with his hat on it and takes the hat, a hook with a  
doughnut on it and takes the doughnut, then picks up  
Maggie, **KISSES** her, hangs her on a hook and exits.

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - HOMER'S WORKSTATION - DAY**

Homer **ENTERS** carrying a bag.

HOMER

Megatronics Tip twenty: "Make your  
cubicle into a you-bicle."

He takes down a "SWEDISH BIKINI TEAM" poster which features several blond Scandinavian models in bikinis, lolling seductively on a bed. He replaces it with a poster for the "SWEDISH EFFICIENCY TEAM", which features several grim-faced male scientists in lab coats lolling seductively on a bed.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hmm. What next, Megatronics? (READS  
BOOK) "Nobody's perfect: report your  
fellow workers' mistakes to the boss."

**MONTAGE**

Homer walks around the plant, witnessing the following events and writing on a clipboard:

A) An EMPLOYEE is asleep in a chair, his mouth wide open, **SNORING**. Above him, a leaky pipe **DRIPS** radioactive waste directly into his mouth.

B) LENNY and CARL are having a light-saber **DUEL** with radioactive rods.

LENNY

I say "Phantom Menace" sucked more!

CARL

I say "Attack of the Clones" sucked  
more!

C) Homer sees a smudge on the side of a cooling tower. He starts to **WIPE** it off, causing a colossal **CRACK** to spread over the entire tower.

D) A group of plant WORKERS emerge with coffee cups from a room marked "coffee room." A stream of workers head down a long hall towards a room marked "cream." The workers then emerge from the cream room, all the way back past the coffee room, to a room marked "stirrers."

HOMER

And now to see Mr. Burns for the  
promotion and raise I've deserved since  
this morning.

**INT. MR. BURNS' OFFICE - LATER**

Homer confidently strides into Mr. Burns' office, holding his clipboard.

HOMER

(CONFIDENT) Mr. Burns, I've made a  
list of recommendations to improve  
plant efficiency.

MR. BURNS

Oh, have you now? Well huzzah, huzzah.  
I'll just throw back my legs and  
pollute my britches with delight!

HOMER

All I'm trying to do is achieve success  
beyond my wildest dreams.

MR. BURNS

Wildest dreams?! (SCOFFS) I'm sure  
your wildest dream is sharing a six-  
pack of generic beer with your wife's  
toothless half-sister.

HOMER

But the book said you would applaud my initiative.

MR. BURNS

And what book is that? The Idiot's Guide to being a Moron? Stop wasting my time, you two-bit wage-ape.

Mr. Burns pushes a button and a trap door **OPENS** next to Homer.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(FRUSTRATED NOISE) Would you mind?

Mr. Burns points to the trap door hole.

HOMER

(SADLY) Yes, sir.

Homer **STEPS** into the hole. A moment later we hear a **SPLASH**, then electric **ZAPS**.

HOMER (O.S.)

(GETTING SHOCKED NOISES) Cherries Jubilee, this hurts! (MORE SHOCKED NOISES)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DINNER**

**SCENE 6**

Homer is having dinner with the family.

MARGE

I didn't know Mr. Burns had an electric eel pond.

HOMER

Well, he does. (ANGRY) All my life I've had one dream: to achieve my many goals. Mr. Burns has never given me a thumbs up or a "way to be" or a "you go, girl." No, he just steps all over everyone who works for him, taking pleasure in making us feel small.

Marge gives Homer a hug.

MARGE

(CHEERING HIM UP) Oh, Homie. Don't let it get you down. So Mr. Burns doesn't take you seriously? Big whoop! Who gives a doodle? Whoopie ding dong doo!

HOMER

Thanks for trying, but I'll be at Moe's.

He walks out. Marge and the kids look at each other.

MARGE

So my husband goes to a bar every night. Whoop de doo. Who gives a bibble? Gabba gabba hey!

**INT. MOE'S - LATER**

Homer sits sadly next to several empty mugs.

HOMER

I gave Mr. Burns the best years of my life. And how much respect does he give me?

LENNY

Slim to bupkus.

CARL

He does do a good impression of you on the can.

MOE

Who's this Burns guy? Somebody you work with?

HOMER

(PERPLEXED) Moe, we've been complaining about him every night for eight years.

MOE

Sorry, sir. I usually tune the customers out. But if this guy's ridin' your rump, why don't you slap him some payback?

HOMER

Revenge? On Mr. Burns?

LENNY

Yeah, send him magazine subscriptions he don't want.



CARL

Or write poorly reasoned letters to the  
editor and sign his name.

MOE

Or give him some face time with sweet  
lady brick. (CHUCKLES)

Moe holds up a large brick and kisses it.

HOMER

No, I think this calls for something a  
little more cerebral.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. BURNS OFFICE - DAY**

Homer walks up, **CHUCKLING**, carrying a can labeled "PEANUT  
BRITTLE".

HOMER

He'll think it's peanut brittle... but  
inside... hey, what is inside?

Homer opens the can and spring snakes fly out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) Snakes!

The snakes fall to the ground. Homer hears talking from  
inside Burns' office. He opens the door a crack and looks  
in.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer peeks in. Burns and Smithers don't notice him.

SMITHERS

Bad news sir, the government found out  
you dumped nuclear waste under Lego  
Land.

MR. BURNS

Oh, Smithers. The environmental  
effects won't be visible for years.

**EXT. LEGO LAND - DAY**

A sign reads "WELCOME TO LEGO LAND". CHILDREN look at a  
giant Lego model of the Capitol Dome. Suddenly, the DOME  
comes to life and rears back on its "hind legs."

CAPITOL DOME

(MONSTER NOISE)

The children **SCREAM** and run off. The capitol dome **LUMBERS**  
after them.

TOURIST

(TO WIFE) Talk about your runaway  
government.

He is suddenly **IMPALED** on the snout of a walking EIFFEL  
TOWER, which walks off carrying him with it.

EIFFEL TOWER

Gerard Depardieu! (FRENCH MONSTER  
NOISE)

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

**SCENE 7**

SMITHERS

Sir, for dumping that waste, you could  
go to jail. And I'm not sure they'd  
exfoliate you the way I do.

MR. BURNS

(SCOFFS) I wouldn't go to jail. The  
legal owner of this plant would:

Smithers looks puzzled. Burns **PULLS BACK** a curtain,  
revealing a CANARY in a cage.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(DRAMATIC) Canary M. Burns.

SMITHERS

(SHOCKED GASP)

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

**SHOCKED.**

**BACK TO SCENE**

Mr. Burns points to an organizational flow chart on the wall. In the top square is Canary M. Burns. Underneath is a C. Montgomery Burns box and below are the rest of the plant employees. Alone at the bottom is Homer.

MR. BURNS

This entire plant is in his name -- so  
when the G-men pull up with their Tommy  
guns, looking for C. M. Burns, it's the  
canary who's heading for the hoosegow.

SMITHERS

Sir, your colorful speech has lost me.

MR. BURNS

I'm just saying the bird's the one who  
goes to jail. Oh, don't purse your  
lips at me. Tycoons have been doing  
this for years. Why, Standard Oil was  
once owned by a half-eaten breakfast.

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

He stands stroking his chin thoughtfully. Suddenly, a **THOUGHT BUBBLE** containing Stark Richdale appears next to him.

STARK RICHDALE

Don't you get it? If you get rid of that bird, Burns is at your mercy.

HOMER

Get rid of a bird? No way. Their eyes are so expressive.

STARK RICHDALE

Fool! You've learned absolutely nothing from my one-hour class.

The **THOUGHT BUBBLE** disappears. A look of determination comes into Homer's eyes.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Marge and Homer lie in bed. Homer's eyes are open, staring at the ceiling. Marge opens her eyes.

MARGE

Homie, what's wrong?

HOMER

Oh, I wanna get to the top, but I don't wanna step on people to get there. I want a nice, smooth ride.

MARGE

Well, in a situation where you don't know the right path to take, you have to be very quiet and listen for that little voice that tells you what to do.

(Homer and Marge listen, then:)

BART (O.S.)

Do it, Dad. You could get a less-crappy car.

MARGE

Bart, you can hear us?

BART (O.S.)

Oh yeah. From this room I can hear everything.

LISA (O.S.)

Me too. The walls are paper-thin.

She **PUNCHES** her hand through Marge and Homer's wall and waves.

LISA

Hi.

FLANDERS (O.S.)

And it wouldn't hurt you to put up some curtains.

Homer and Marge look over to see Flanders sitting in his bedroom watching them. He sticks his pipe in his mouth and turns off the light. We see his pipe glowing in the darkness.

MARGE

(WORRIED MURMUR)

**EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. POWER PLANT - OUTSIDE BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Bart, dressed in black outfits, stand at Burns' door. Homer tries to **JIMMY** it open with a credit card.

BART

Dad, you don't need to break in. The  
door's open.

HOMER

Yeah, but the look on your face...  
priceless.

He **OPENS** the door.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer and Bart stand by the window. Homer holds the canary on his finger. The empty cage is next to them.

HOMER

This is it, boy. With this bird gone,  
the plant will be mine for the taking.

Homer **FLINGS** the bird towards the open window.

BART

Now fly -- To the Canary Islands!

He sets the bird free. It **FLIES** out the window, then a beat later, returns. It **FLIES** to a globe in Burns' office, **SPINS** the globe to check where the Canary Islands are -- it stops at a group of islands clearly labeled "CANARY ISLANDS", nods, then flies back out.

**EXT. POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - NEXT DAY**

**INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Smithers works at his desk. Suddenly, he hears a voice on the intercom.

MR. BURNS (O.S.)

(HORRIFIED) Smithers! It's an  
emergency!

Smithers pulls out a fishing rod.

MR. BURNS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's not bath related!

Smithers tosses down the fishing rod and rushes to Burns.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

**SCENE 8**

A horrified Burns stands by the empty birdcage.

MR. BURNS

The owner of the plant is gone. All  
that's left is this little mirror he  
used to amuse himself.

Burns pulls the bird's mirror out and looks in it.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Hello, pretty boy. That's quite a beak  
on you.

Suddenly, Homer **BURSTS** in.

HOMER

Mr. Burns! The Nuclear Regulatory  
Commission is here for a surprise  
inspection!

MR. BURNS

(GASP) Good Lord! I need to find a  
patsy quick!

Homer presents himself.

HOMER

Hello!

MR. BURNS

Yes, yes, hello. Now, I need to find a  
patsy.

Homer presents himself again.

HOMER

Hello!

MR. BURNS

You're quite the friendly fellow, but  
right now I'm looking for a patsy.

HOMER

Hello!

MR. BURNS

You bumbling fool, I keep telling you  
I'm looking for a patsy. (REALIZING)  
Hello.

HOMER

Why are you looking at me like that?

**EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - COURTYARD - DAY**

Mr. Burns is addressing the employees from his balcony.

MR. BURNS

... Now, a few more details about this  
year's company picnic. It's at the  
plant, no food will be served, the only  
activity will be work, and the picnic  
is cancelled.



WORKERS

(DISGRUNTLED MOAN)

MR. BURNS

Finally, I would like to add to any  
nuclear inspectors in the crowd, that  
the titular head of the power plant is  
now Mr. Homer J. Simpson.

He gestures to Homer, who holds up a freshly-signed  
contract.

HOMER

That's right. And as my first act...  
Mr. Burns, you're fired!

WORKERS

(SHOCKED NOISES)

MR. BURNS

That man's mad. Smithers, get this  
bedlamite an alienist!

Homer holds up the document.

HOMER

No, it's entirely within my power.  
Furthermore, there never were any  
nuclear inspectors. And these guards  
are loyal to me.

SECURITY GUARD

No we're not, your check bounced.

HOMER

(LOUD WHISPER) I told you wait till  
Monday. (TO BURNS) Check and mate,  
Mr. Burns.

Burns realizes he has been beaten.

MR. BURNS

So, the caterpillar has emerged from  
its cocoon as a shark with a gun for a  
mouth. I only have one thing to say to  
that... bravo.

HOMER

(SURPRISED) Huh?

MR. BURNS

We clashed lances on the *Champs de  
Mars*, and I have been bested.

(RESIGNED) The plant is yours. Treat  
her well.

Burns reaches out to shake Homer's hand. Homer takes it  
then...

HOMER

Eat crowd, old man!

He **GRABS** Burns and **HURLS** him off the balcony.

MR. BURNS

(SHOCKED SCREAM)

The crowd catches Burns and they pass him hand over hand to  
the plant gate and into a waiting cab which drives off.

HOMER

Hey, that looks fun! Do me!

He **LEAPS** into the crowd which passes him along chanting:

WORKERS

Homer! Homer! Homer!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**FADE IN:**

**SCENE 9**

**EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

A banner reading "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT" hangs between the cooling towers.

**INT. POWER PLANT - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

The auditorium is full of plant workers. Homer addresses them wearing his white shirt and tie.

HOMER

Mr. Burns' reign of terror is over.

WORKERS

(CHEERS)

HOMER

And today begins my reign of terr--

WORKERS

(FRIGHTENED GASP)

HOMER

... iffic management!

WORKERS

(RELIEVED SIGH) That was close, etc.

LENNY

I thought he was gonna say "terror."

CARL

Oh, I don't think he was going that way.

HOMER

Unlike Mr. Burns, I will respect you,  
the working class slob.

LENNY

Can we have casual Fridays? And naked  
Mondays?

HOMER

Well we'll try naked Mondays... and  
work our way up to casual Fridays.

CARL

How 'bout a spring cotillion -- a prom  
of some sort?

HOMER

Whatever you want, because we are all  
equals. And now, as I ascend this  
crystal staircase to my office, I say:  
avert your gaze!

Homer walks up a crystal staircase as the power plant  
workers **CHEER**.

**EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - DAY**

Homer is sitting at the desk reading reports. Lisa,  
wearing a green eye shade, looks at a ledger book.

BART (O.S.)

Boy, Mr. Burns sure has a lot of great  
candy.

Homer looks over at Bart, who stands by a shelf on which  
sit many glass jars filled with colorful candy. Bart  
**SCOOPS** a handful from one jar into his mouth.

HOMER

Bart! Those are pills!

Bart's body jerks **SPASMODICALLY**.

BART

Ooh! My prostate feels young and  
supple.

LISA

Dad, have you looked at this earnings  
report?

HOMER

(BABYING HER) Not now, sweetie. Daddy  
has to run his company.

LISA

Well, your company's got more red ink  
than McDonald's ketchup. You need to  
cut costs.

HOMER

Well, I'm not gonna fire anybody.  
Everyone here gives a hundred and ten  
percent. That's twenty-five hours a  
day, eight days a week, three hundred  
and sixty seven days a year.

Lenny and Carl enter.

LENNY

Hey Homer, we're not feeling it today.  
So we thought we'd cut out early.

CARL

Yeah, if you wanna hang out later,  
we'll be at Hooters. If Hooters is  
full we'll go to Knockers. If Knockers  
is crowded, I guess we'll try Jugs.

LENNY

Eh, let's just buy a couple magazines  
and go to Moe's.

HOMER

Sorry guys, but I need you to stay here  
and do your jobs.

LENNY

Man, one taste of power and now you're  
Pope Hitler the Great.

CARL

(SHAKES HEAD) I called it. Homer, the  
way you've turned around is the most  
disgusting thing I've ever seen, and  
I'm a Knockers Key Club member.

Lenny and Carl storm off angrily.

HOMER

Gee, I thought once I was the boss,  
everyone would like me.

Stark Richdale appears in a thought bubble.

STARK RICHDALE

Oh come on. That's loser talk!

HOMER

All you do is insult me. Why do I keep  
thinking about you?

STARK RICHDALÉ

Because you still owe me for your  
course. Your check bounced.

HOMER

(EXASPERATED) Why doesn't anyone wait  
till Monday?

STARK RICHDALÉ

I did.

**EXT. MOROCCO - DAY**

**SCENE 10**

Burns, wearing a white linen suit and a fez, swats his way  
through a crowded Marrakesh street.

MR. BURNS

Well, now that I'm forcibly retired, I  
can indulge myself in the opiate of the  
upper classes. By which I mean opium.

SMITHERS

(WORRIED) If you say so, sir.

Smithers looks around the crowded bazaar. Everything  
exotic is for sale: olives, rugs, vases, jewelry, fruits,  
monkeys, etc. Smithers approaches a VENDOR.

SMITHERS

Um, excuse me, do you know where I can  
buy some... (WHISPERS) drugs?



VENDOR

(LOUDLY) Drugs? Everything is drugs!

Banana made of drugs.

He peels a banana. Inside is brown paste.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Monkey made of drugs.

He holds up a monkey made of brown paste. (It is not alive.)

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Look! All market made of drugs!

Smithers picks up a brick of drugs.

SMITHERS

I'd like to buy this.

VENDOR

Only American money. (CONFIDENTIALLY)

Our money is made of drugs.

**ANGLE ON HOMER**

sitting at his desk. ACCOUNTANTS, NUCLEAR INSPECTORS, etc. stand around him.

ACCOUNTANT

To make this plant economically viable,  
you've gotta lay off a hundred and  
twelve people.

NUCLEAR INSPECTOR

If you don't patch the leak in cooling  
tower two, you will go to jail.

HOMER

(MOANS) I need a vacation.

NUCLEAR INSPECTOR

This is your vacation.

We WIDEN to reveal that Homer and the accountants, inspectors, etc. are next to a lake where PEOPLE are boating.

ACCOUNTANT

(EXAMINING PAPER) And I gotta tell ya,  
your archery scores are way down.

(SHAKES HEAD)

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The family eats dinner -- we don't see Homer.

LISA

I got a gold star at school today. For  
my feminist revision of Cinderella:  
"Ain't No Fairy Godmother For Me."

HOMER (O.S.)

That's great, honey. Hold it up to the  
camera.

We see Homer's on a monitor. He sits in his office,  
sleeves rolled up, working. Lisa holds her paper up to the  
monitor.

MARGE

Homie, I know you're trying. But this  
really isn't the same as eating dinner  
with your family.

HOMER

(ON MONITOR) Look, I have a lot of  
work to do, but there's nothing more  
important to me than...

Suddenly, the picture freezes and **PIXILATES**.

LISA

Uh-oh, looks like we lost the uplink.

The picture unfreezes and Homer continues in mid-thought.

HOMER

(ON A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TOPIC)

...best quality pork chops.

BART

Hey Dad, you said you were going to  
play catch with me tonight.

HOMER

Well, I have to work, but give the  
monitor a kiss.

BART

I don't wanna do that.

HOMER

C'mon, boy. You're not too old to kiss  
your daddy's monitor.

Bart reluctantly **KISSES** the monitor. Suddenly the picture  
on the screen switches to a cartoon.

BART

Ew! I just kissed the old man in the  
muffler ad!

MARGE

Ooh! That's Burt Reynolds.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT**

All the lights are off. Homer's car pulls up and a tired  
Homer gets out.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**SCENE 11**

Marge lies asleep in bed. Homer wearily walks in and lies on the bed in his work clothes.

MARGE

(GROGGILY) Homie?

HOMER

Hey, honey. Sorry I'm so late. I had to lay off twenty-seven robots. Don't tell me they can't cry.

MARGE

That job is eating up your life. Even God takes a day off once in a while. That's how we got Alabama.

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - DAY**

Homer is working at his desk. He hears some **CHEERING** and looks out the window.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Bart is at bat. Milhouse is pitching.

BART

Check it out! I'm Tomokaz Ohka of the Montreal Expos.

MILHOUSE

Oh, yeah? Well I'm Estaban Yan of the Tampa Bay Devil Rays.

NELSON

And I'm the man everyone hates at the ballpark.

MILHOUSE

The Umpire?

NELSON

No, Billy Crystal.

Milhouse pitches and Bart **HITS** the ball into the outfield.

**INT. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Homer sadly watches Bart round the bases.

HOMER

(SAD SIGH)

MR. BURNS (O.S.)

(UPBEAT) Knock, knock.

Homer looks up and sees Mr. Burns at the door.

HOMER

(GASP) Mr. Burns! (LOOKS AROUND)

Where's Mr. Smithers?

MR. BURNS

He's doing eighty years on an opium bust. I never saw a man take to a Turkish prison so quickly.

HOMER

How did you ever run this place?  
You've gotta turn away your family,  
fire your friends, and pee in your desk  
while you eat lunch. Well, the last  
one's kind of a hobby.

MR. BURNS

Balancing the personal and professional  
never came easy to me, Simpson. You  
just have to make space for people.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - EVENING**

MR. BURNS

Yes, everyone important to me has their  
own special place right here.

We see Burns and Homer are standing in front of a row of  
graves. Burns gestures to a headstone.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

This was my fiancée, Gertrude. I  
missed our wedding because I was  
crushing a strike by my neutron  
pickers. She died of loneliness.  
Loneliness and rabies.

Burns gestures to the row of graves.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Do you see why I brought you here,  
Simpson?

HOMER

(EMOTIONAL) Yes, yes. If I keep  
putting work first, I'll lose everyone  
I care about, just like you did.

Homer wipes away a tear.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Burns. Thank you for...  
huh?

We see Mr. Burns is holding a dart gun. Burns **FIRES** and a tranquilizer dart **HITS** Homer, who **FALLS** into a mausoleum.

MR. BURNS

Steal my plant will you? By the time  
you wake up, you'll be walled inside my  
mausoleum forever! (EVIL LAUGH)

Burns starts to brick the mausoleum closed.

**MATCH DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CEMETERY - THE NEXT MORNING**

Burns has only bricked across two rows of the mausoleum entrance. With great effort, he carefully puts a brick on the third row. Homer **AWAKENS**, sits up, and looks at Burns.

HOMER

What are you doing?

MR. BURNS

Scream all you like, no one will hear  
you!

Homer stands, **STRETCHES** and casually steps over the six inch wall.

HOMER

I don't know why you're trying to steal  
the plant back. I don't even want it!

MR. BURNS

(OBLIVIOUS) Keep begging. You're just  
wasting precious oxygen!

Homer walks away as Burns continues to brick up the mausoleum door.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Brick by brick, I seal his doom.

(CRAZY LAUGHTER)

A beat later, Homer returns and kindly puts a blanket over Mr. Burns' shoulders.

HOMER

(GENTLY) There you go.

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - DAY**

The accountants and nuclear inspectors are waiting for Homer. As he enters, they say:

NUCLEAR INSPECTOR

Mr. Simpson, I have a warrant for your arrest.

CREDITOR

And I have a bill here for eighty billion dollars.

HOMER

Oh, I hate this job so much! Sweet failure, why won't you save me!

**SFX: CHIPPER BIRD WHISTLE**

Homer turns to see Canary M. Burns standing on the window ledge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(POINTS TO CANARY) There's the owner of the plant!

Homer closes his hand around the canary and holds it up to the mob.



NUCLEAR INSPECTOR

I can't put a bird in jail. Not in an election year.

CREDITOR

Well, what are you gonna do about this?!

He thrusts the bill in the bird's face. The canary quickly **SWALLOWS** it.

CREDITOR (CONT'D)

(SLAPPING FOREHEAD) That was my only receipt! Now I can't remember what the figure was.

Homer smiles and looks at the canary.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) I would have eaten it if you hadn't.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY**

A barbecue is in process. A banner reads "HOMER'S 305<sup>th</sup> 'EVERYTHING'S BACK TO NORMAL' BBQ". Bart calls over from the baseball diamond.

BART

Hey Dad, pitch to me!

Homer walks over to the mound.

HOMER

From now on, my only ambition is to be the world's greatest Dad.

Homer **THROWS** the ball in (Milhouse catches). It brushes Bart back.

BART

Hey! You nearly hit me on the head!

HOMER

Quit crowding the plate!

Bart **THROWS** the bat and charges the mound.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, you want a piece of me?

Homer makes a "come and get it" gesture. As they start **FIGHTING**, we hear:

**MUSIC: THEME FROM 'THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER'**

They stop rolling around for a second and Bart says:

BART

Y'see? This is the stuff Mom won't do  
with me.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WARMLY) Yeah.

He starts to **STRANGLE** Bart, as we...

FADE OUT:

THE END